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THE GHOST OF THE DESERTED INSANE ASYLUM.

A GHOST IN BLOOMINGDALE ASYLUM.

A Spectral Horse and Carriage That Frighten Travellers on the Boulevard.

NEARBY RESIDENTS WHO THINK THE OLD BUILDING IS HAUNTED.

Well-Corroborated Testimony Which Identifies the Ghost as That of the Son of a Former Mayor of New York.

A ghost in old Bloomingdale!

A ghost which two men claim to have seen, and which is believed in by many, is haunting the shadows of the deserted Insane Asylum, out on the Boulevard at One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and but a stone's throw from the tomb of General Grant, on the banks of the Hudson.

A dozen residents of the neighborhood solemnly declared to a Journal reporter that the ghost could be seen if anybody dared hide in the ruins of the old asylum morgue. The reporter watched eagerly for two long nights in the shadows of the dead house, but the spook was not at home on either occasion.

No ordinary ghost is this. It is supposed to be the wealth of a highly connected young man of wealth, who spent many years as a voluntary patient behind the walls of the asylum, in which he died six or seven years ago. More than this, it is luxurious spectre, and when it feels like visiting the earth by the pale glimmers of the moon, it travels in state, seated in the shadow of a buggy of ancient pattern and drawn by an incorporeal white horse.

The environment is an ideal one for a ghost. No such setting for a mystic appearance exists on all Manhattan Island as is presented by the old Bloomingdale Asylum grounds, which are bounded by One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Twentieth streets and the Boulevard, and Amsterdam avenue.

In 1894 the patients in the historic asylum were removed to the modern institution at White Plains, with all the officers and attendants. The property, with its old buildings, its dense grove of forest trees, its close hedges of cedar, its winding paths and smooth roadways, its tasteful pavilions and Summer houses, its green some morgue, and its high, forbidding picket fences, then passed into the hands of the trustees of Columbia College. The old buildings, save one, which figures particularly in this story, and a wooden structure, which was the home of a colony of millionaires, have since that time been dismantled.

In the centre of the picturesque grounds, the walls of the Low Memorial Library, which will be the centre of the group of buildings of the new Columbia University, are being reared upon massive foundations. The old buildings, in which were confined the incurables, the violent and

the poorer classes of patients, have been partially torn down, and reveals to the passer-by its prison-like construction.

The main building, facing the Boulevard, a four-story brownstone structure, with a mansard roof, is not to be torn down. It is unoccupied at present, and is to be remodelled, both inside and out, and retained as one of the University buildings.

Between the enclosure and the Hudson River there is a bleak, rough space, upon which are several dilapidated frame houses, relics of the days when this section was farming country, and its inhabitants traded at the sleepy little village of Bloomingdale, of which a few traces still remain.

JUST THE SPOT FOR A GHOST.

After nightfall the loneliest spot on the island is this portion of the Boulevard and adjacent territory. A light here and there twinkles in the darkness, but the only sign of life is that of the irregular passage of an out-of-date green-painted street car, with its tinkling bell.

Tall forest trees in the parking that extends through the centre of the Boulevard, taller trees within the old asylum enclosure, thick rows of cedar obscuring the driveways, dense hedges, the frowning old asylum building without a light from its windows to speak of life; the grim ruins of the old prison for incurables, and the giant arms of the booms used on the new building, swinging high in air, present a scene that is depressing to any one, fearful to many. Adding to the generally sombre effect are the walling and shrieking of the winds that sweep in from the Hudson and scurry through the dismantled buildings, the naked trees and the stygian depths of the evergreen groves and hedges.

It is a place long shunned by pedestrians, and even by drivers of vehicles after dark. It has been for years held in superstitious terror by the denizens of the little settlement of colored people around One Hundred and Twenty-third street and Tenth avenue. They hear in the sighing, moaning, shrieking winds, as they play about the ruins, the wails of those who wore out their lives in years past shrieking as they battled in their imagination with the fiends that encompassed them. In view of recent developments, no one of those colored people could be induced, not even by a bribe that overlapped the

dreams of avarice, to walk up the Boulevard after dark.

The university authorities, after acquiring the Bloomingdale property, fenced it in. An iron picket fence twenty feet high, relieved at intervals by massive stone pillars, is the scheme of enclosure but partially carried out. Every one but men employed on the excavation or on the building is excluded from the grounds, and at night two watchmen are supposed to keep a careful lookout for interlopers. These precautions have only added to the mystery that has always surrounded the old asylum grounds.

It is not strange, therefore, that the story of the ghost which travels through the gloomy old park in a spectral vehicle drawn by a supernatural horse should receive general credence in the neighborhood.

THIS MAN DISCOVERED IT.

Henry Boschen, the keeper of a saloon and restaurant at One Hundred and Twenty-second street and the Boulevard, told a Sunday Journal reporter what he knows of the ghost's first appearance.

One cold night about 11 o'clock, in the early part of the last week in February, a wagon dashed to his saloon, the door opened and Henry Koehler, a truckman, who does business between downtown and Fort Lee Ferry, entered. He was pale and much agitated. He barely recognized by a nod the half dozen habitués of the place, with all of whom he was acquainted slightly, and walking straight to the bar, hoarsely called for whiskey. He hurriedly tossed off a glass and then, with his back to the bar, seemed to be revolving something in his mind. The men in the room looked at him curiously, and one of them said: "You seem rattled, Henry. Have you seen a ghost?"

He started as if struck, and then nervously inquired: "Say, boys, does any one live in the big house near the road up on the hill, in the asylum grounds?"

"Divil a soul, since 1894, when the whole lot were taken to White Plains," said a man named Merry, who is foreman of a gang of wreckers employed on the grounds.

"That's funny. I don't understand it," mused rather than said the truckman, as he turned to the bar and called for another drink, and it was a stiff one that he took.

"What made you ask?" said one of the group.

"Now, I am not a man that you would call superstitious," answered Koehler. "I don't believe in signs like some people do, although I have known good and bad luck to follow things that happened just as people told me they would. If any one had said to me this morning, 'Henry, do you believe in ghosts?' I would have said, 'No, do you take me for a fool?' If you ask me that question now, I say, I don't know whether I do or not."

"There are many things that no one can make out. I believe I saw a ghost, and I've been creepy ever since. If anybody can show me that what I saw was real human and natural, why, then I'll set 'em up for the whole house, and be glad of the chance. Until I do that out, though, you will catch me driving after dark on Riverside, or Morningside, or some other side avenue, and not over the Boulevard."

Every one in the saloon was quiet by this time, and they drew nearer to the speaker. He continued:

"I was driving along kind of slow with my team, and feeling kind of doxy like, on account of the cold. My dog was lying in the bed of the wagon, and I guess he was dozing, too. Just as I was opposite the big building, where the fence is torn down to let out the carts and sledges that are hauling the old bricks and trees away, the dog rose up, and gave a howl like I never heard him give before. I look around and his hair is standing straight up, and he is looking at the building. Then he tucks his tail 'tween his legs and crawls under the seat."

"Then I look toward the building and it seemed like my blood froze. The air seemed to be damp and stale, just like the air in an old cellar that has been shut up for a long time. It was awful dark in the shadow of the building and the cedars, but I could make out a buggy with the top up and a white horse hitched to it, and yet it seemed to me that I could make out the building right through it."

"It was more like the steam that you see rising up from a stream in the morning in the Fall of the year. I was paralyzed and I couldn't move. Then something came out of the house. I'll swear the big door didn't open. But it was something that I felt more than I saw. It seemed like a man, and then it didn't. I couldn't swear that it was a man, and I couldn't swear that it wasn't, because I could see the door all the time, and yet this kind of a pale light, like steam, seemed to get in the buggy."

"The horse was headed south. When the thing got in the rig was turned slowly around, but it made no noise. There is no wind to-night, and everything was as still as a graveyard. Then this thing started north on the path. As it crossed a streak of moonlight, just where the old building is torn down, I could hardly make it out, but when it got into the shadow again I could see it distinctly, just like a white shadow."

"At last it seemed to go into the grove of big trees and then my senses came back. I looked my horses and I galloped them down here. Give me another drink."

The listeners stared at Koehler, then at Boschen, then at the fair-haired bar-keeper, and then at each other in uncomfortable silence. The truckman had thrown a bomb into their quietude. In each mind there were forming the unexpressed possibilities of a ghost roaming the dark paths of old Bloomingdale. It was an uncanny idea that had never been actually suggested even in that Sleepy Hollow-like neighborhood.

Foreman Merry at last broke the silence, and volunteered in the tones of a sage.

"Begorra, it must ha' been a ghost or a bogie man. Any ghost is bad luck enough, but the ghost of a loon a-divin' a white horse is no good for any man to meet."

"This sentiment was drunk to standing and in silence."

WAS IT YOUNG TIEMAN'S GHOST?

Koehler, the truckman, left for home vowing to keep away from the Boulevard after dark, and then Merry and a coal hauler named Leafley, who lives in a frame house adjoining the university grounds, told some weird tales of fairies and bogie men that they had heard in Ireland.

"Maybe it is the bogie of old Spencer, who was gatekeeper for thirty-five years, and has come back for one more look at the old place," suggested Leafley.

Boschen, who had sat apart in deep

thought, now spoke up and said: "I remember that years ago there was a young man named Tieman, son of the ex-Mayor, who was a frequent patient at the asylum. He was what you call a volunteer."

"Voluntary," corrected the barkeeper.

"Yes, a volunteer," continued Mr. Boschen. "He came out when he felt like it. I believe he used to get in a bad way from drinking too much wine and whiskey. They let him ride around the whole country, and he owned a white horse and buggy, which he stabled at the asylum. When he was out here he always had a man with him, who was his nurse or servant, and many times they stopped at my house—it was a little place, then—and had a social glass."

"He died in the old brown stone house about two years before the asylum moved to White Plains and ruined this neighborhood; not that it will stay ruined, because my place is more than 200 feet from the university."

"I think that Koehler was dopy, and that he saw some buggy that had strayed in from the road," said the barkeeper.

"Let us hope so," said several of the party in chorus, as they turned their coat collars up, pulled down their hats and started for home together. They kept to the west side of the Boulevard, walking in the snow, although there was a clean pavement on the other side.

THE LAMPLIGHTER SAW IT, TOO.

On the next evening, Fritz Muller, a lamplighter, whose beat is on the Boulevard from One Hundredth street to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, dropped into Boschen's. There were several people there, and they were talking about the ghost. Muller was at once interested.

Then he remarked, with some agitation: "I was afraid that something was wrong. What you say? A buggy with a white horse? Three times I saw that, in the mornings when I came along the lights to put out. And I hear noises that make me afraid. All the time I said to myself, 'Dot's de vind. Now I know vot it is, But vot I care? No ghost vill hurt any vones, and he don't come on de road out.'"

Fritz, however, took an extra brace before resuming his illuminating route.

The next evening he came into the place in genuine terror. The story had preyed upon his mind, and as he drew near the gloomy old building, he saw through the slight snowfall the phantom steed and spectral buggy, and then there was a stifled cry, a dying moan and a weird shriek that came from the cedars. It may have been caused by the wind, but Muller did not think so, and he fled rapidly to Boschen's and threw every one into consternation as he burst into the place and cried out: "I saw it again!"

On the next evening he induced a cab driver to walk his horses through the haunted district while he lit the lamps, and on the following morning he extinguished them after the sun was actually in evidence.

Naturally the street car drivers and conductors began to talk about the alleged apparition, and late cars made very good time through the shadows. The conductors and drivers generally go forward to keep the driver company.

The ghost talk has spread, and every one

in the Bloomingdale district with the slightest belief in the supernatural is prepared to see and hear strange things, and the most exaggerated tales find ready credence. Hundreds of visitors walk by the place daily and gaze curiously through the tall pickets, and shudderingly remark: "Just the place for a ghost." After dark business on the street car lines is picking up, and the conductors are rapidly developing their imaginative faculties as well as their lecturing ability.

A Journal reporter spent a day and a two long nights in the vicinity of the haunted of the alleged apparition.

But the spook was not at home to reporters.

THE OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

An old gentleman, Collins by name, whose weather beaten cottage faces the Boulevard near One Hundred and Twenty-first street, was asked whether he had seen the ghost. He replied: "No, nor do I believe any one else has. I have lived here, man and boy, for forty years, and I have heard the poor loons yell on a Summer night when the windows were open. I kind of got used to it, and it seems awful quiet around here now."

"I have heard this talk, and a great many people believe in it. The only thing that I have noticed lately is that my dogs act strangely. They whine and howl and act like they never did before, and only last week a cat that I have had for seven years ran away."

Koehler's friends have gazed him about the ghost until he is in a very bad temper. To the Journal reporter he said: "All I have to say is this: I wasn't asleep, and I had not been drinking much. I stopped three times altogether on the way from Robin Hood Park House. What I said I saw I did see, and I'll swear to it on a stack of Bibles. I am not saying it was a ghost, but if it wasn't a ghost, what was it? It wasn't a man, and it wasn't a horse and buggy. If it had been it would have made a noise. A man and a horse and buggy wouldn't give one that chill and make my dog act so."

"I never want to see anything like it again, and I drive over this road no more at night. There are so many smart people who never believe anything unless they have seen it themselves. If I am bothered about this any more some one will get hurt."

THE NEGROES BELIEVE IT.

Officer Murphy was found yesterday on the west side of the Boulevard, where the snow was deep. He had heard the ghost talk, but had never seen anything strange. Did he ever go through the grounds after dark? Indeed he did not. It was not his place.

Over on Tenth avenue, at the little negro settlement, they all wanted to talk at once. They believe firmly in the ghost, and there has been quite a revival in the trade in charms during the week. Several of the children claimed to have peeped through the Amsterdam avenue fence early in the evening and had seen something all white that waved its arms "that away," and made a noise "this away."

The Rev. Percy Murray replied to the reporter's question as to whether he had heard the talk that he had, and that he intended to tell his flock to-day that "in this enlightened age there am but one

ghost, and that am de spirit of the Holy Ghost, ascending like a little dove upon those who lead a moral life and give freely to the support of the church."

Charles Costello, one of the two night watchmen, said he had been a night watchman too long to be afraid of ghosts. He wasn't looking for them. Some of the men on the work were nervous about the story, but as for him he would have to see a ghost before believing in it. He intended, however, to keep a close eye on the brown stone building, and hoped that the foreman would put up the fence every day when work was through.

The Bloomingdale ghost is the sensation of the hour on the upper West Side, and in West Harlem. The superstitious, the timid and the unbelievers all have their respective views, and the whole neighborhood is talking about the odd coincidence of the young man who formerly drove a white horse and who was at times an inmate of the asylum.

SKELETON IN IRON BANDS.

Remarkable Discovery Made by a Road Overseer in King George County, Virginia.

One of the strangest discoveries in the history of Virginia was that made by Road Overseer Henry Harrison Cavood, of Woodsonville, King George County, who found a skeleton bound from head to foot with heavy iron bands. The skeleton is that of a man, and is regarded by those who have seen it as an exceedingly valuable and interesting colonial relic. The skeleton is now in Washington. It will probably be sold to the Smithsonian Institution.

While Mr. Cavood was engaged in proving one of the country roads in King George County he dug down the side of a road, and to his amazement his pick struck a piece of iron. His curiosity being aroused, he dug farther into the bank, with the result that he brought to light the complete skeleton of a man encased, with the exception of the grinning skull, in bands of iron. On top of the skull was a partial cap in which there was a bolt and ring. Circular bands surrounded the neck, arms, torso and legs. The feet were placed in heavy stirrups.

Both skeleton and armor are in an excellent state of preservation. It is believed by Virginia historians that the skeleton is that of a desperate criminal convicted of some atrocious crime and gibbeted as a public warning under the old colonial laws. The point at which the remains were found might indicate that the execution was made on the side of the public road, as was often the custom in those days.

The general impression exists among those who have seen this curious relic and who have given the early history of Virginia much attention, that the criminal was a notorious Indian chief who belonged to the New Passapatanzy tribe, which gave the pioneers in the upper part of what is now King George County, but which still retains its name, a great deal of trouble and annoyance. According to tradition, this tribe was often visited by the followers of King Powhatan, and on this supposition certain State historians believe the remains are those of a cousin of Pocahontas. While this may be a mere conjecture, it is certainly not one of the queerest finds of the year.